

## Don't Tell Me You Don't Feel Anything by kosherkitty

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**Summary:**

Based off Demogrove's Tumblr one shot "Don't try to tell me you don't feel anything. We both know that's bullshit."

Billy goes to a party just because he knows Steve is going to be there. He doesn't realize he is going to end up piercing the kid's ears, but he doesn't seem to mind one bit.

# Don't Tell Me You Don't Feel Anything

## Author's Note:

- Inspired by “Don’t try to tell me you don’t feel anything. We both know that’s bullshit.” by Demogrove.

I read Demogrove's one shot response to the Tumblr request “Don’t try to tell me you don’t feel anything. We both know that’s bullshit.” and loved it so much but needed more, so instead of sleeping, I wrote more. Full credit to the idea and premise goes to Demogrove whose tumblr and original one shot can be found here <https://demogrove.tumblr.com>

Attending Carol’s party wasn’t something Billy wanted to do, and wouldn’t have done, if he hadn’t known that Steve was going to be there. Everyone in this loser town he had been relocated to was soft and lame. Nothing compared to his friends in California. Regardless, he had over heard Steve saying that he was going to make an appearance in their Econ class and here he was, in Carol’s back yard doing his third keg stand of the night. Steve was somewhere inside, hanging with someone he had never bothered to learn the name of.

He heard counting, but didn’t stop until he was sufficiently full and could puke from the sudden intake of beer. Kicking off, he heard cheering and correctly assumed he had broken his last record with a full minute of chugging.

“A legend!” Tommy shouted and slapped his back.

Tommy was a ladder climbing pig who would suck onto anyone if he thought they’d bring him up the social ladder. He use to hang with Steve apparently, but that was before Billy had shown up full blown in his Camero and aviators knocking King Steve down another peg.

“I don’t know how you do it man,” Tommy wrapped his arm around his shoulders to which Billy slung him off and made his way to the house. Tommy followed.

"Maybe because I'm not a fucking faggot," Billy heard himself snarking back at the smaller boy.

Tommy either didn't hear him or chose not to answer, but instead slid open the back porch door and decided to announce to everyone in the kitchen that Billy had just broken the last keg stand record (set by himself) to which everyone cheered and raised their beers to him. Billy nodded at all of them, not looking at any of them, instead, trying to find Steve in the crowd. Knowing Tommy would follow, Billy pushed through the drunk teenagers to find his favorite person to try and break down, but not before grabbing two canned Bud Lights from the fridge.

The music changed to Heart's "Barracuda" as Billy walked into the living room full of the senior class dancing drunkenly, some making out. Leaning against the far wall, Billy's eyes landed on Steve. The fucker had his Ray Bands on inside, bobbing his head to the beat and talking to the girl next to him looking extra punchable. Billy stalked towards him, throwing people aside if they were in his way, feeling Tommy following in his every step. Billy didn't stop his gate until he was a few inches away from Steve, demanding his attention by getting up in his face.

"How's King Steve feeling tonight?" Billy spat, daring Steve to respond.

"Harrington," Tommy stood next to Billy to his annoyance. "Billy is running you out of your game."

"Is that right?" Steve pushed off against the wall, making more of the personal space disappear between the two of them.

Billy wish he could see Steve's brown eyes, but the damn Ray Bands were hiding them. Feeling exposed, Billy whipped them off Steve's face, feeling his fluffy hair in the brief second the action took and slapped them onto his own face. His tongue darted out of his mouth. Billy watched Steve track the motion from behind the security the dark lenses offered.

"Give them back," Steve tried to snatch them, but Billy stepped out of his reach.

“Shotgun faster than me and I’ll gladly give them back,” Billy challenged with a smug smile.

Billy could see Steve weighing his options and seemed to decided that playing Billy’s little game was the safest bet (which it probably was). He grabbed the can in Billy’s outstretched hand, their fingers brushed in the trade-off sending his heart to pound a little faster. Pushing the feeling that Steve’s touch did to him down, Billy dug in the pocket of his jeans for his Swiss Army knife. Retracting it, he popped the knife open with a wicked smile and cut a jagged hole in his own can before handing it off to Steve, making sure their hands didn’t touch this time. He wasn’t sure he could play it off as well a second time.

“Two bucks on Hargrove,” someone said form behind him.

Quickly looking behind him, he realized a small circle had formed. He thought about letting Harrington win, but upon taking another look at the other boy who was still trying to cut a hole in his can, his pink tongue sticking out of his mouth in concentration, he wanted nothing more than to punch him in his adorable face... or kiss him... or punch him. There was no way he was letting Steve win, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t help him cut his hole in the beer can because at his point, it was ridiculous. He thrusted his can at Tommy, some sloshed out but no one seemed to notice or care. Billy’s hand finagled the knife out of Steve’s slightly smaller one, poked a hole and cut it more carefully than he had his own. He could have sworn he heard Steve mumble a “thanks”, but Billy couldn’t be sure so he just grunted in return.

Tommy handed his beer back and Billy raised it to his mouth. Steve mirrored his action. The teenagers watching counted down with Tommy and when he heard them say “one”, Billy snapped the lid open and opened his throat up, swallowing all the beer in one gulp. He threw his can on the ground in triumph. Two more seconds went by before Steve tossed his on the ground.

“Looks like I’m keeping these,” Billy tilted them down his nose slightly to lock eyes with Steve who looked back at him through his own slitted ones.

“You’re an ass,” Steve grumbled and pushed him on his exposed

chest.

“Never said I wasn’t,” Then Billy added, “Pretty boy.”

Locking eyes again, Steve pushed passed him, knocking shoulders with him. Billy gave him a second before following. This time, Tommy didn’t follow but instead, stayed with the gang that had rallied around to watch the shotgunning contest. Steve lead him to the still packed kitchen. Billy took another beer from the fridge while Steve pattered around. If he hadn’t been watching Steve, Billy wouldn’t have seen him leave and head up the stairs. Curious, Billy followed again, taking another sip of the beer. At this point, he was drunk and starting to enjoy himself now that he was with Steve. If anyone were to ask him, he’d never admit to it though.

Billy watched Steve make his way up the stairs, watching his ass swing slightly with each step. There was no need to avert his eyes as they were hidden behind Steve’s sunglasses and there wasn’t anyone hanging on the stairs. He shook his head at the thoughts and desires springing into his mind. Fuck Harrington and his perfect face, perfect hair, perfect ass. Neil shouting at him, calling him a faggot, and smacking him across the face (which would leave a deep purple bruise later) rattled through his brain.

“What the hell are you doing?” Billy questioned when he followed Steve into the bathroom. He was rummaging through the draws under the sink, clearly looking for something.

“You’re going to pierce my ear,” Steve announced, then with an “ah ha,” he pulled out a small sewing kit.

“Why on earth why I do that?” Billy asked, but stepped into the bathroom and shut the door behind him. He made sure to lock it.

“You’re the only one I knew who is psychotic enough to stab me with a needle voluntarily,” Steve declared and shoved a needle into Billy’s hand.

Billy watched as Steve sat on the edge of the bathtub. He raised an ice cube to his ear, cooling it while cradling an apple in his other hand. Billy noticed he wasn’t looking at him, but in the mirror.

“You sure this isn’t just an excuse to get me alone with you?” Billy smirked but put his beer down to take his lighter out of his pocket in order to sterilize the needle.

“Fuck off,” Steve mumbled.

“Not a very smart thing to say to someone who is about to puncture you with a needle,” Billy laughed.

Billy hadn’t laughed in a while, it sounded strange coming out of his mouth— foreign, like it didn’t belong. Billy quickly snapped his mouth shut.

“Pretty and dumb,” Billy mumbled and snatched the apple out of Steve’s hand. “Just how I like ‘em.”

“What did you say?” Steve looked up at him.

Fuck. Billy mentally kicked himself and his loose lips. If he wasn’t careful, he was going to get caught. Just like how Neil had caught him back in California with his tongue down the tan lifeguard’s throat.

“Nothing,” Billy sliced the apple and knelt down to be level with Steve to get a good look at the ear he was icing. “You ready?”

Steve gripped the rim of the bathtub and nodded. Billy put Steve’s Ray Bands on top of his head to better see and placed the apple behind Steve’s ear hesitantly. His breath hitched in his throat as his fingers brushed against Steve’s soft hair.

“How are you so good at shotgunning?” Steve blurted out making Billy laugh again.

“You just have to open your throat up more princess,” Billy winked at him and shoved the needle though Steve’s pink lobe.

“Fuck!” Steve yelled out as he pushed the needle through this ear.

Steve’s hand released the bathtub and it flew to Billy’s neck. The touch sent Billy’s heart racing.

"I mean," Steve tried to play it off nonchalantly, and looked at Billy. "Did you do it yet?"

"Don't pretend like you don't feel anything Harrington," Billy's blue eyes stared into Steve's brown ones. "We both know that's bullshit."

Billy could swear that he felt Steve's thumb rubbing the sensitive skin on the back of his neck, under his long blonde hair, as Steve slightly tilted his hand into Billy's hand at his ear. Billy's eyes lowered to Steve's plump lips at which Steve sucked in his lower lip and his tongue darted out. Before Billy could contemplate doing anything, there was a knock at the door. Steve retracted his hand like it was on fire.

"Occupied," Billy shouted at the knocker.

"Hurry up man," The voice shouted back. "I really gotta go!"

"Use a tree," Billy replied and turned his attention back to Steve who was looking at the floor.

"So you got an earring to replace this needle with or what?" Billy grumbled.

Steve looked up, his eyes wide.

"You don't have an earring?" Billy couldn't help but laugh again. "You really are dumb."

"See you laugh and it's nice and then you call me dumb which isn't nice," Steve whined slightly but then something seemed to catch his eye.

He reached out, leaning closer, and snatched Billy's own earring.

"Here," Steve held it up in front of Billy's face as if he hadn't felt or saw him take the earring out of him. "I have an earring."

Billy shook his head but slowly took the needle out of Steve's ear trying not to hurt the other boy. It didn't work though as Steve still winced and closed his eyes.

“Sorry,” Billy apologized and quickly grabbed the earring and shoved it in Steve’s ear. “All done.”

Steve stood up quickly, his cock momentarily in Billy’s face. He could see the outline of Steve’s penis in his tight jeans and smiled before standing up himself. They were face to face for a second before Steve pushed around him to get to the mirror and see Billy’s handiwork.

“You look good,” Billy walked up behind him.

Steve glanced at Billy in the mirror and smiled a big dopy smile.

“I know,” Steve ran his hand through his fluffy hair, making Billy want to tangle his fingers in it.

“Arrogant, dumb and pretty,” Billy stopped an inch away from Steve and breathed into his neck. “Just how I like them.”

Steve spun around.

“Stop insulting me,” Steve demanded, pushing on Billy’s chest, not hard enough to do anything, especially since Billy had his feet planted.

“Since when is calling someone pretty an insult?” Billy spat.

“You always call me pretty,” Steve leaned against the sink. “As if it were an insult.”

“I always call you pretty,” Billy placed both hands on either side of Steve, caging him in. “Because you’re always looking pretty.”

He purred the last part, hoping to all hope that he wasn’t misreading the singles Harrington had been sending him since they first met at Tina’s halloween party. Sure, they had punched each other and Billy had knocked the kid out, but that had been over a month ago and since then, he always caught him turning around in Econ and blushing when Billy did that thing with his tongue.

Billy was still thinking about Steve’s blushes when all of a sudden Steve’s lips were sloppily on his own. Billy’s eyes widened in shock and he almost squeaked, but quickly shut his eyes and leaned into the



kiss. His hands found homage on Steve's back while Steve's fingers danced up to Billy's jaw. He felt one thumb stroke his cheek while the other hand crept up into his messy curls and pulled slightly. Billy pushed his body against Steve's slightly taller one and felt Steve's tongue lick his lips, Billy happily opened his mouth to allow Steve's tongue to slip in.

The kiss quickly grew hungry, as their sexual tension and frustration was to the max this past week especially. As Steve's beer laced tongue massaged his own, Billy reached his hands under Steve's blue sweater and dug his fingers into the soft skin that lay under the knitting. Then, Steve pulled back, fingers still in Billy's hair.

"You're pretty too," Steve whispered onto Billy's lips. "Especially in my sunglasses. Bet you'd look pretty in my clothes too."

"Bet you'd look pretty without clothes on," Billy smiled like a shark to which Steve laughed.

"You think you're so scary and badass," Steve rolled his eyes.

"Careful Harrington," Billy dropped his hands and stepped back. "I'm not above beating the shit out of you again."

"Shut up and kiss me," Steve insisted.

Billy was happy to oblige.